

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE



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# A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

TO

# EMILY HELEN DUTTON

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

WEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

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A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE  
TO  
EMILY HELEN DUTTON  
DEAN EMERITUS, SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

FOUNDERS' DAY, OCTOBER 24, 1947

SWEET BRIAR

VIRGINIA

# Founders' Day Program

President Martha B. Lucas, presiding

Processional

Opening Hymn 445—"O God, our help in ages past"

Invocation                      The Reverend Wallace E. Rollins, D.D.

Psalm 121

Memorials to Dean Emeritus Emily Dutton

Tribute of Dr. Grace Warren Landrum, read by  
Professor Mary J. Pearl, Sweet Briar College

Anthem                      "For All the Saints"                      Barnby  
The Sweet Briar Choir

Tribute by Dr. Meta Glass, President Emeritus,  
Sweet Briar College

Anthem    "Let us now praise famous men"    R. Vaughan Williams  
The Glee Club

Announcements

Hymn 534—"Lead on, O King Eternal"

Benediction                      Dr. Rollins

Sweet Briar Song

Recessional



EMILY HELEN DUTTON  
1869-1947

# *Invocation*

Wallace E. Rollins, D.D.

Almighty God, the Source of all light and life, the Inspirer of all high thoughts and generous deeds, the Giver of all good gifts, we give Thee most hearty thanks this day for the lives and good examples of Thy servants, the founders and benefactors of this college. We bless Thee for their inspired vision, for their noble generosity, and for their great services to the cause of sound learning.

And we remember also in gratitude this day the life of her in whose memory this college was founded. May light perpetual shine upon her.

And we give Thee humble thanks for all the officers and teachers who by their labors and self-sacrifice have served Thee here, and for all students who have gone forth from these walls to live lives of usefulness and power.

May this institution ever prove worthy of the sacred trust committed to it. Send out Thy light and illumine us. Give us a deep and clear knowledge of our world; confirm in us the holiness of true reason; strengthen in us the aspiration towards noble and spacious thinking; set us on fire to serve our generation; and, in Thy good time, bring us into perfect fellowship with Thee.

We thank Thee, O God, for Thy servant, Emily Dutton: patient in tribulation, rejoicing in hope; continuing instant in prayer; faithful in work; given to hospitality. Having fought the good fight and kept the faith, grant to her, we beseech Thee, the crown of life that fadeth not away; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

# *Introduction to the Program*

President Lucas

On June 18 of this year Emily H. Dutton, Dean Emeritus of Sweet Briar College, died in Lynchburg, Virginia. Funeral services for Miss Dutton were held in our Chapel, followed by interment in Framingham, Massachusetts. It is fitting that this Founders' Day at Sweet Briar College be designated as a memorial to Dean Dutton, who served this college for eighteen years, as Dean, as Professor of Latin and Greek, and, for one year, as Acting President of the college. Because of her distinguished and faithful service during crucial years of the college's growth, Dean Dutton is rightly honored among our Founders.

To express our appreciation of Miss Dutton's life and service, we have invited to participate in our service today four people who knew Miss Dutton well: Dr. Rollins, who knew her as early as 1923; Dr. Meta Glass, President Emeritus of Sweet Briar College, with whom Miss Dutton worked at Sweet Briar for sixteen years; Dr. Grace Warren Landrum, formerly Dean of William and Mary College and long a friend of Miss Dutton's; and also Professor Mary J. Pearl, of our own faculty, who was closely associated with Miss Dutton in our department of Greek and Latin for twelve years.

As Miss Landrum was recently called to the faculty of the University of Redlands in California, she is unable to be with us today. She has, however, sent us her tribute to Miss Dutton to be read at this memorial service. Professor Pearl has kindly consented to present Miss Landrum's memorial address to us on this occasion.

# *A Tribute to Emily Helen Dutton*

by Grace Warren Landrum

To attempt to interpret Founders' Day to this audience would be for me presumptuous. You will interpret for yourselves the meaning of the day. I trust you are finding it really significant. Yet it is easy for us to become dulled to the purpose of even an annual celebration. Most of our holy days have become holidays, sometimes with waning relationship to their origins and consequent loss of vitality. A similar loss may occur when the celebration concerns an institution which, however few its years, we tend to accept as having always existed. Students from time immemorial have been the recipients of gifts from benefactors. Yet how many students pause like Chaucer's clerk to pray for

"The soules of hem  
That gaf him wherewith to scoleye"?

Gratitude is generally an emotion of slow development, seldom appearing when we come trailing clouds of glory into a new life on the planet or even into so beautiful and richly welcoming an environment as that of Sweet Briar College. But because its students are still fairly close to the gracious figure of the founder, they may disqualify my generalizations as to what the poppy of oblivion does over the mausoleums of the nobly generous of our own day.

Sweet Briar College has a name of haunting charm, about which one may easily become sentimental. Yet it bears a place-name as sturdily of the soil as does Wake Forest in the North Carolina pine woods. Generously initiated by a woman, it stands with the exceedingly few colleges in the country who have so valued the sex of the woman founder as to see that a woman has been its head continuously. Among important colleges in the South, Sweet Briar alone has this distinction. May her trustees continue to believe they will again be able to find a woman adequate to carry on the splendid careers of Mary K. Benedict, Emilie McVea, Meta Glass, and Martha Lucas.



The theme of Founders' Day, 1947, centers about not a president but a professor, dean, and dean emeritus, Emily Helen Dutton. Her years of service will be remembered with those of the highest administrators of the college. President Lucas gave me the honor of preparing this memorial address because I have been Emily Dutton's friend longer than anyone else known to Dr. Lucas. Forgive me if I speak of myself more fully than would ordinarily be fitting.

Emily Dutton was born in western Massachusetts, at Shirley, in the beautiful rolling country around Fitchburg. She was genuinely of New England lineage, the daughter of a Congregational minister. Of this devoted, religious family, two or more have sought to serve God in foreign missions in China. Some of the family are still there. I do not know whether or not Emily herself at any time felt the call to a foreign field. It would have been a natural leaning. In her girlhood the incentive to serve in foreign missions was comparable to the impulse to enlist for social service, dominant about two decades ago, and still surviving in attenuated form in the taste for personnel work. Whatever be the facts in Emily's case, she was born to high service in her own land, and especially in a region later to be described, far from her own "templed hills."

Her birth occurred in 1869, at a moment fortunate for the cause of woman's higher education. It is difficult for college women today even to believe what obstacles had existed for promising women to overcome. Could it be possible that women by mental endowment, health, temperament, were as well fitted as their brothers to undergo rigorous, advanced scholastic training? High among pioneer liberators were Emma Willard, still remembered by a seminary at Troy, New York, and Mary Lyon, nationally known, whose tomb is a shrine on the campus of Mount Holyoke College.

Emily Dutton's choice of Mount Holyoke Seminary was as natural as for her native streams to flow into the valley of the Connecticut. It was nearer than Vassar, doubtless less costly, and akin in atmosphere to that of the parsonage of her childhood. Though Mary Lyon had many years ago gone to her reward, she had remained as a rare example of the spiritual intellectual, a

magnet for minds which combined religious fervor with what Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard, called in his own case "an inordinate love of profane learning," a phrase really quaint today, meaning of course only secular as opposed to sacred. Mary Lyon had such a love joined with a profound sense of responsibility to God and a passion for souls. The chief duty of man was "to glorify God and enjoy him forever." Such a phrase as we glibly bandy about today, "the good life," meaning perhaps a compromise between Matthew Arnold's Hebraism and Hellenism, would have lacked all vitality for Mary Lyon. She was so unmindful of her own body as almost to forget it. She had a higher concern. "Faith's business," she said, "is to make things real." Eminently practical withal, she devised the idea of domestic service in the seminary walls as salutary and necessary. The centennial historian of Mount Holyoke reminds us that in the absence of athletics in those early college days, manual labor served a double purpose. Above all, however, Mary Lyon sought to cultivate the religious life of her students at what the college historian calls "the Puritan convent."

At the beginning of each calendar year Mary Lyon called for solemn self-examination of all her students. These questions she propounded:

"Have you attended church every Sabbath this past year?"

"Do you feel willing to kneel every day?" "At devotion?"

(This I take to mean at family worship. Kneeling was not customary, I believe, in the "Orthodox," that is Congregational Church.)

"Have you made many exceptions this year? Many weekly exceptions?"

"Have you walked a mile every day?"

"Do you think you can keep your wardrobe in order?"

"Are you willing to observe the family rules?"

"Do you think you should purchase eatables?"

"Do you think you can do without boxes next year?"

"Do you think you shall take tea or make calls without permission?"

"Do you think you can prevent having boxes of eatables sent to you?"

"Are you willing not to bring any light reading or not to have any sent to you? All novels large and small. The New World and everything like it. Graham's Magazine and all Lady's books and everything like these?"

Such restrictions today seem incredible. Remember, however, there was similar religious and moral emphasis in some men's institutions in New England. Massachusetts still had her Fast Day up to recent times. No Christmas celebrations were in vogue in Mary Lyon's day, though in Episcopal churches the services for the day were read. Mary Lyon in 1848 even proclaimed that Christmas at the Seminary was to be a Fast Day. It is interesting to know that in opposition to this proclamation stood the student now most celebrated among all the pupils at Mount Holyoke Seminary, the daring, splendidly imaginative and greatest New England woman poet, Emily Dickinson. Yet despite her opposition to the proclamation her letters reveal some real liking for her days at Mount Holyoke Seminary.

In 1888 the charter of the institution was enlarged and the name changed to Mount Holyoke Seminary and College. Emily Dutton had entered the preceding year. The regimen had considerably softened in the nearly forty years since Mary Lyon's death. Student life had broadened with such activities as a debate on the presidential candidates of 1888, and a temperance meeting to discuss the merits of the Massachusetts State Prohibition Amendment. Students took part in tableaux of scenes from Shakespeare. Characters from Dickens were shown on one occasion, such a gala event being followed by a social hour with ice cream and lady fingers. The food in general must have become less Spartan, to judge by a comment in January, 1890, of someone who must have been a college mate of Emily Dutton's: "We occasionally have oysters instead of hash on Sunday mornings and when we have doughnuts they are larger in size than formerly."

More important were academic changes. The college dropped the old nomenclature of juniors, junior middlers, senior middlers, and seniors and adopted the usual classifications. Instructors were now equipping themselves at foreign universities. Well trained graduates were going not only to foreign fields and marrying missionaries abundantly, but spreading the Mount Holyoke spirit by going South and West to teach. Emily Dutton interrupted

her own course by teaching a year at Park City, Utah, near Salt Lake City. Mount Holyoke, after some dark days, had in Emily's undergraduate years acquired as president Mrs. Mears, a far-seeing educator, eager for professional recognition of the women on her faculty. "Shall not the mother of all the colleges for women," said President Mears, "recognize the dignity of the high position she has been instrumental in procuring for women by giving her the title of professor?" Under President Mears, life became richer in general for both faculty and students for, according to the historian, she brought something which "the rarefied atmosphere of Mount Holyoke needed, a breath of the outside world if not of worldliness." From the hand of this president Emily Dutton received her A.B. degree in 1891.

I should have been glad to include someone's personal recollection of Emily had I been able to find it. I sought the registrar of Mount Holyoke if perchance a college annual might give some sketch of her by a contemporary. A gracious reply came from Miss Harriett Eustis, who had been Dean Dutton's secretary at Sweet Briar. She had searched the archives diligently, but nothing appeared of Emily's college years, though much of her later correspondence exists, as from Mankato, Minnesota, where she taught Latin and Greek in the high school, from 1891 to 1895.

In the autumn of 1895 the young teacher, back from her four years in Minnesota, entered Radcliffe College for graduate work. There I knew her for the first time. I can see her now, very slight, with a springy gait which scarcely left her until her latest years. Her dark eyes were exceptionally clear, bright, beautiful. I was considerably her junior, being as a sophomore enrolled in courses marked, "Primarily for undergraduates." Hers were in that upper heaven of learning, "Primarily for graduates." I doubt if I should have known her at all except for the fact that I had been duly admitted into the Classical Club, where she of course was a shining light. Radcliffe, founded in 1879, had nothing of "the Puritan Convent" in her origin. Though compared with the complex student activities of today our life was simple, we had an embryonic athletic association, basketball played in full bloomers and stockings, and excellent plays in which students in masculine roles were permitted to borrow masculine coats, but never anything

so radical as trousers. Such festivities and dances with Harvard students or other escorts did not dim the luster of departmental clubs. Sometimes members of the English Club were destined to become well known writers. Scholars, if not writers, flourished in the Classical Club. We were enthusiastic about translating Latin or Greek poetry for pleasure. Some of us were going out for Sophomore Honors in Classics, won by voluntary submission to nine hours, in two periods, of sight translation and composition in both languages. I remember Emily Dutton's sparkling eyes at meetings of the Classical Club, happy occasions rounded out with an anachronous cup of tea and a bowl of grapes. For the latter we could have given book, ode, line from Vergil, Horace, or Catullus. In particular we were committing to memory the beautiful Alcaics, Sapphics, and Adonics of Horace and felt that ours was a goodly heritage.

Emily received her A.M. from Radcliffe in 1896, a considerably rarer degree than now. After a year of high school teaching in Brooklyn, New York, she became an instructor in Latin at Vassar. The roster of Vassar of that date showed a commendable percentage of women instructors, some of whose distinguished names are still familiar to their contemporaries. Emily taught no Greek, probably because the field was preempted, but gave courses in freshman Latin, Horace, Cicero with interesting emphasis on colloquial Latin and the letter as a form of literature. The contacts with scholars at Vassar must have enriched her days, though she probably yearned to teach Homer, Plato, and the dramatists. She was certainly planning for her doctorate, stimulated by a winter in the University of Berlin in 1901 and a summer in Munich in 1902. She left Vassar in June, 1903, became for three years a fellow in Latin at the University of Chicago, but since she resumed her teaching she did not complete her doctorate until 1913. In 1916 she had ready for the press her dissertation, "Studies in Greek Prepositional Phrases." If the range seems highly specialized, it certainly exceeded that of Browning's grammarian with his conjunctive particle and his enclitic, remembered as his students bore him to the mountain top, "loftily living, loftily dying." Meanwhile Emily had experienced in 1909 a decided change of environment.

In 1905 the Tennessee Baptist Convention chartered a separate college for women, which was located at Murfreesboro in central Tennessee, and opened in 1907. To show you the ardent if

uncritical temper of one of the founding fathers I must quote a statement from one of the first catalogues, quaintly flamboyant and provincial:

"The equipment and furnishing of the college are modern in every particular and are not surpassed by any school or college in the country. In this respect it far surpasses any other colleges of the south and its elegance and completeness is a source of pride to all connected with it . . . .

"No college in the country has a higher educational standard or has done better work than Tennessee College.

"Straight down Main Street, the most beautiful boulevard in Tennessee, under a canopy of whispering maple trees, a walk that would make old Cambridge, the home of classical walks, grow green with envy, past handsome dwellings, and sites of historic interest, the new college stands in a great grove of majestic oak trees, many of which carry minnie balls, mementoes of the Civil War in their staunch old hearts.

"It (the campus) in the very heart of the town, has the sanction of the most cultured people of the State and is less than an hour's ride from the great educational center of the South, Nashville, on a line of railroad that has no equal and never will have a superior."

This laudatory preamble disappeared after 1908, doubtless through the excellent taste of Mr. George J. Burnett, president for the session 1907-08 and until 1923. He was one of the most accurate, direct, courageous administrators I have ever known. One could rightly claim that Murfreesboro had decided charm as a college town. The maples in autumn made as glorious a color as one could find on New England roadways. Daffodils ran riot in the spring. Cedar trees lined the rocky fields. To the east rose the blue foothills of the Cumberlands. In this setting the trustees erected a college whose aim was very similar to that of Mount Holyoke. "Promotion of Christian characters is its chief concern," an early catalogue informed us. A later statement read: "Tennessee College stands primarily for the glory of God and for advancement of His kingdom." The conduct of the students was safeguarded in a way

Mary Lyon would have approved, but there were no examinations of the students' private devotional lives. Emily Dutton came to the college in 1909 in its third session. She accepted the restrictions without remonstrance. Perhaps she regarded the period as transitional or was too much concerned with her high educational aims to oppose stringent regulations.

In 1916 Emily, having obtained her doctorate and published her thesis, induced me to accept President Burnett's invitation to join his faculty. During my two years at Murfreesboro she became a real influence on my life. She helped me to be tolerant with such restrictions as I had not met before in student life. A counsel to patience might come when I was having supper with her and her gentle mother in their pleasant apartment on the long maple-lined street. I can see Mrs. Dutton's hand trembling slightly as she offered me a cup of tea and the delicate food she herself had prepared. Mother and daughter side by side might have returned to the New England parsonage of Emily's girlhood. Her speech never lost the vowels, intonations of the Brahman caste, or the conservative accent on initial syllables, as in "consideration." A New Englander, however early transplanted (and Emily came South in maturity), seldom adopts any other regional speech characteristics. Emily was as definitely of New England as are Amy Lowell's lilacs or Robert Frost's stone walls. At the risk of being fanciful, let me say she suggests to me the fragrance of one and the steadfastness of the other. Or, to change the figure, to the classic basis of wisdom, justice, prudence, temperance, she added the Christian trinity, the greatest of which is love.

My recollection of what she accomplished in her devoted years in Tennessee is vivid, but I appealed to Mr. Burnett to tell me the arguments he had used to induce her to come to the new, comparatively obscure institution. He responded generously. I quote much of his loyal tribute.

He urged thus: "You can make your life mean more as a full professor in this college than as an assistant professor in Vassar where you must wait until a vacancy occurs because of resignations or deaths.

"In the Southern States, we are pioneering in College Education for Women. The spirit of Mount Holyoke should lead you to join in this effort to establish an institution of high standards and sound scholarship.

"Miss Dutton was offered as much salary as she was receiving in Vassar. Here I assured her as the college grew her salary would be increased. The missionary appeal reached her heart. She agreed to accept the place—professor of Latin and Greek in this college which would begin its third year in September. She came and remained with us for 14 years.

"What a teacher! What a missionary of sound learning and honest standards! What a prodigious worker!

"In 1912 we had our first class to receive the bachelor of arts degree. Miss Dutton had three of these girls for three years . . . Miss Dutton was as proud of her girls as the president of the college, whose youngest sister was the honor student of the class of 1912 . . . A friendship was formed which lasted until my sister's death in October, 1918. And the memory of this scholarly young woman was fresh in Miss Dutton's mind last November when I had the delightful privilege of visiting with her in her home in Lynchburg. Miss Dutton followed with the keenest delight the graduate work of this student of hers. The record was a brilliant one—all A's.

"She [Miss Dutton] and Miss Colton, of Meredith College, worked together in the Southern Association of Colleges for Women in the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. She was active in State, Southern, and National Associations. We entertained the Tennessee Philological Association and other similar groups at Tennessee College. She prepared and read papers at these various meetings, State, Southern and National. She and I went year after year to the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools . . .

"In my judgment the contribution made by Miss Dutton had much to do with the decision of the Executive Committee of the Southern Association of Colleges to invite this new college in 1914, when in its eighth year, to become a member.



"In the building of the library Miss Dutton did a notable work, too. Dr. George Zook, when with the Department of Education in Washington, came to Tennessee to make a survey of the Baptist Colleges of the State. His report gives the young college high praise for the fidelity in administering entrance requirements, in giving proper transcripts of work to our students who transferred to other colleges; for the small, but well adapted, library, mentioning the cataloging of books, which had been wisely selected, and the manner of operation; and for the high standards, honestly administered, of the bachelor's degree. Miss Dutton played a large part in making the report possible. She gave more time to the library than all the rest of us together."

As all of us know, Emily Dutton came to Sweet Briar in 1923, spent here the longest period of her service to education, loved the institution so dearly that after she had sought remoteness from it during her first year of retirement, she settled in Lynchburg to be near it and continued to love it with rare devotion. Rightly to evaluate her service here is the privilege of Dr. Meta Glass.

I shall give only a glimpse of my association with her at Sweet Briar. My first visit to her was in 1925 or thereabouts, at a meeting of the State Division of the American Association of University Women. I was her guest in her pleasant, booklined apartment and—could it be?—sat beside her as she chaperoned a beautiful week-end dance in the dining room. The days at Tennessee College, where dancing was banned, flashed before me. I had thought of her as an *Il Penseroso* figure.

"Pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Here, nevertheless, was a *L'Allegro*, with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." The once slim, virginal Emily, simply, though always fastidiously dressed, was now graciously, fashionably clad in a becoming evening gown. She couldn't have been more at ease if she herself had long been accustomed to dance to the soft pipes of Pan. I had no feeling that suppressed desires had emerged. She had really suffered not a sea but a mountain change into something rich and strange. She was perfectly adjusted, competent, happy in her altered environment, never critical of the one preceding.

It was my good fortune to visit her here again. We met elsewhere, too, at regional and national conventions of deans of women and of the American Association of University Women. At the latter she was exceptionally busy, since she served as a member and as chairman of its most essential Committee of Standards. Her acquaintance with colleges in New England, New York, the South, the Middle West, her fearlessness and justice, made her service invaluable. Her interests were not, however, narrowly professional. She was a member of the English Speaking Union, the Foreign Policy Association, the Association for the United Nations. She read widely on national politics and held clear-cut, conservative views. But I believe those of us who knew her best would agree that she loved the academic world with inexhaustible affection. She never wearied of its paths and intersections. She mentioned the college affiliations of her colleagues, friends, and acquaintances with the pleasure of a botanist rolling under his tongue as sweet morsels the classical names of wildflowers.

At all times she had an unusual capacity for friendship. The friend never disappeared in her manifold duties of professor, dean, committee chairman. I recall at convention throngs in the hotel lobbies the first sight of her welcoming face. As soon as possible she came to me with hurrying steps. There was a warm greeting, an account of the urgent duties which must soon part us for the time being. Yet she was never too much pressed for a question as to my personal welfare. She had an endearing way of remembering the family groups of her intimates whom perhaps she had never seen but who meant something to her because beloved by the friends she cherished. She was understanding because she loved devotedly her own small family group.

It is pleasant to remember that in her ardent work came opportunities for travel, such as a visit to the continent to attend the International Federation of University Women. Of her trip to Greece in 1931 Miss Pearl writes me thus:

"She was on a Mediterranean cruise and broke her ankle on board ship just before they reached Athens. She was taken to the Red Cross Hospital on the edge of the city and stayed there ten weeks. I was spending the winter in Rome and went to Athens about the end of March. So I visited her frequently in the hospital.

"You have doubtless heard her tell how she saw Greece after her recovery, with the help of Mr. Papandreiou and his car, a donkey where the car could not go, and a good stout cane for getting about a little on foot.

"I will never forget how cheerful and patient she was in the hospital, how interested in everyone and everything about her. She so often spoke afterwards of the beautiful view of Hymettus from her window at the hospital. And she was so very pleased about all she managed to see and do in Greece in spite of everything."

I saw Emily Dutton for the last time in May of this year when Randolph-Macon presented "Hecuba" as its annual Greek drama. She smilingly said she must take the easy descent of the roadway leading into the amphitheatre. We sat side by side on the grass. Her copy of Euripides was outspread. Her delicate hands turned the pages as she followed the youthful voices through the familiar lines. After the play she managed to make her way up the steep slope with her cane and a friendly hand. The upward climb was symbolic of an unyielding spirit.

In a little more than a month the end came, a gallant if lonely exit until loving hands found her and carried her into safety and expert care just before she answered her "Adsum" to the call above.

Sweet Briar on this Founders' Day is seeking to perpetuate the memory of Emily Helen Dutton. She gave to this college as professor and dean her most extended period of academic service in a long, rich life. It had its joys and its difficulties. She met trials unflinchingly, with cheer, even blitheness. She had found the secret of a successful and happy life: unfailing integrity, generosity, surety of purpose, and confidence of its fulfilment in her great Taskmaster's eye.

*From the Class of 1891, Mount Holyoke College*

To the Trustees, President and Faculty, and Students of  
Sweet Briar College, Virginia:

Noting that this is the day of your remembrance of  
Emily H. Dutton, Class of 1891, Mount Holyoke College,  
and Dean of your college for seventeen years, her class  
of 1891 of Mount Holyoke College would like to show  
their affectionate esteem for her and join you at this time  
in your tribute to her memory.

For the Class,

Mary Clarissa Hadsell Castle,  
President.

# *Emily Helen Dutton*

by Meta Glass

A living picture of Dean Dutton as she knew her during most of the years of her deanship at Sweet Briar was given by President Emeritus Meta Glass, the second speaker. Miss Glass spoke extemporaneously, sketching a series of vignettes of Dean Dutton to the delight of all who had known her as well as of those in the audience who had never met her.

"I was simply charmed to be asked to come and talk about Miss Dutton here at Sweet Briar," Miss Glass began, "because her attitude toward Sweet Briar has always reminded me of that of a man I met on the train in England once, who asked, 'Do you not think that one who has just espoused your country with his whole heart will appreciate it more than you do?' Miss Dutton did espouse Sweet Briar with her whole heart. There is a difference between loving and liking, and I think Miss Dutton both liked and loved Sweet Briar.

"It is very easy for one who has lived here with her to picture her going about the campus. I came when she had been here two years as raw as any new president ever was. I never could have compassed my modest accomplishments through my early years without her aid.

"I like to think of the way she looked in those early years when I first knew her; energetic, gracious, smart—in the Vogue sense. The temperature of a gathering rose whenever she came in."

Miss Dutton's fondness for Sweet Briar was obvious when she took visitors around the campus. In Miss Glass' words, "She glowed with pleasure when she showed Sweet Briar to visitors. I do not know what perverse streak always made me show Academic! Miss Dutton showed the boxwoods and Sweet Briar House, and Fergus Reid and the library, and acknowledged Academic—but passed it by."

As for her interests, Miss Glass pointed out that "Miss Dutton was eminently interested in people more than things. She went to gatherings of many kinds. She liked the social life of the place.

She could even enjoy people in large gatherings. She remembered their conversations, remembered their relations, their activities and she was genuinely concerned about what they wanted, what they liked, and whether they got it.

"She was a person of direct questions. You might say, and I have heard people say, that she was curious. No, she literally cared about causes and people, and she did not hesitate to ask about things that she cared about."

Miss Dutton's contentedness with her modest apartment at Number 5 Faculty Row during all the years she was at Sweet Briar, although more commodious accommodations were offered her several times, illuminated another facet of her character. "I never heard her complain about physical settings," said Miss Glass. "You never heard her say, 'I wish I had a more pleasant room,' or 'My bed was uncomfortable' or 'The accommodations were poor.'"

Unlike many women, Miss Dutton "was not concerned with busy hands. She did not knit or sew, but she had a busy mind and busy affections. There was no end to the energy she would put into planning for a person or an idea. She was nearly indefatigable. When people and her work were involved she could go on for long hours and end the day—about midnight—with seemingly unfagged energies.

"She gave herself, as you gather, very generously. I do not suppose that anyone knows how much she gave out of a very modest income, as she gave constantly to international causes, to national causes, local causes, and to friends.

"She was as generous of herself with the students. I have always been a little concerned about some of the students and Miss Dutton. She was their unfailing friend; she was very sympathetic with young life, and she did not always get credit for this. In my early years here, I was insistent on some things that I wanted done and some of them were not the things that the students wanted! They blamed her for these things and not me, even when I said 'this is my fault, not hers.'"

Everything about the students was Miss Dutton's concern. As Miss Glass pointed out, she was concerned with their pleasures but "her greatest wish was for their perfection. There are days when we know we must not ask for perfection, but for Miss Dutton this goal was never out of sight."

True to her family upbringing and her preparation for her career, Miss Dutton was entirely without pretense in her person or in her way of living, according to Miss Glass, who remarked that "she lived the kind of life that ought to be lived by a person of her origin. How desirable it is for people to show by their way of life what they are. A professor looks one way, a business man looks another way. It would be just too bad if people did not look like and act as the people they are. Anyone knew perfectly well when with Miss Dutton that she was a classicist; you knew she was a teacher and that the most important thing in her world was the development of the young in character and knowledge."

Reminiscent smiles greeted Miss Glass' words when she said, "A person is very much a person when her foibles are endearing, and Emily Dutton's were. There was a tilt to her head, a swing from the waist when she walked, an unnecessary racing of the motor when she started her car, a value set on preciseness of place and method, by all of which she will be affectionately remembered. She had a mild sense of humor and would laugh at herself when she was the butt of a joke.

"Both with her colleagues and with the students she held firmly to her own standards, but she was generous in disagreement. I never knew her to let a difference of opinion or even a misrepresentation of her aims rankle."

When Miss Dutton wanted to probe into any matter which concerned her "she was Socratic in her method," Miss Glass continued. "She asked questions which you had to answer in a certain way or you would be put in the wrong group! People enjoyed this if they liked dialectics, and disliked it, as they did the questions of Socrates, if they did not. If they could not elaborate sufficiently to guard themselves they were uncomfortable. Her questions were, however, to produce always enlightenment and to advance learning."

In summarizing her informal sketch of Miss Dutton, Miss Glass remarked, "In all her time at Sweet Briar I think of the two things that gave her most satisfaction. They were the good development of the young, and the good development of this college. She was intensely eager for the highest possible scholarship. She was jealous for Sweet Briar's reputation but only if it corresponded with its integrity. She would be as displeased over a compliment that the college did not deserve as she was over a criticism of it that was not true.

"Miss Dutton was a well-poised woman. She knew where she could find her satisfactions and she concentrated on them, and she did not lament the sources of satisfaction for other people that were not open to her.

"To know her was to understand what brains and character could do to a life. She literally 'founded' much at Sweet Briar and is one more of the Sweet Briar family whom it is a delight to honor."



At the close of Miss Glass' talk, President Lucas told of Miss Dutton's gifts to Sweet Briar:

I want to announce that there will be on display today in the lobby of the Mary Helen Cochran Library a selection of the books which Miss Dutton left to this college. Miss Dutton left to us about eight hundred books in all, including five hundred and ninety volumes for the Classical collections.

Two-twelfths of the residuary estate of Dean Dutton will, under her will, come to Sweet Briar to be added to our endowment fund.

BENEDICTION—Dr. Rollins:

Now the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do His will, working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight; through Jesus Christ, to whom be the glory forever and ever.





